

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

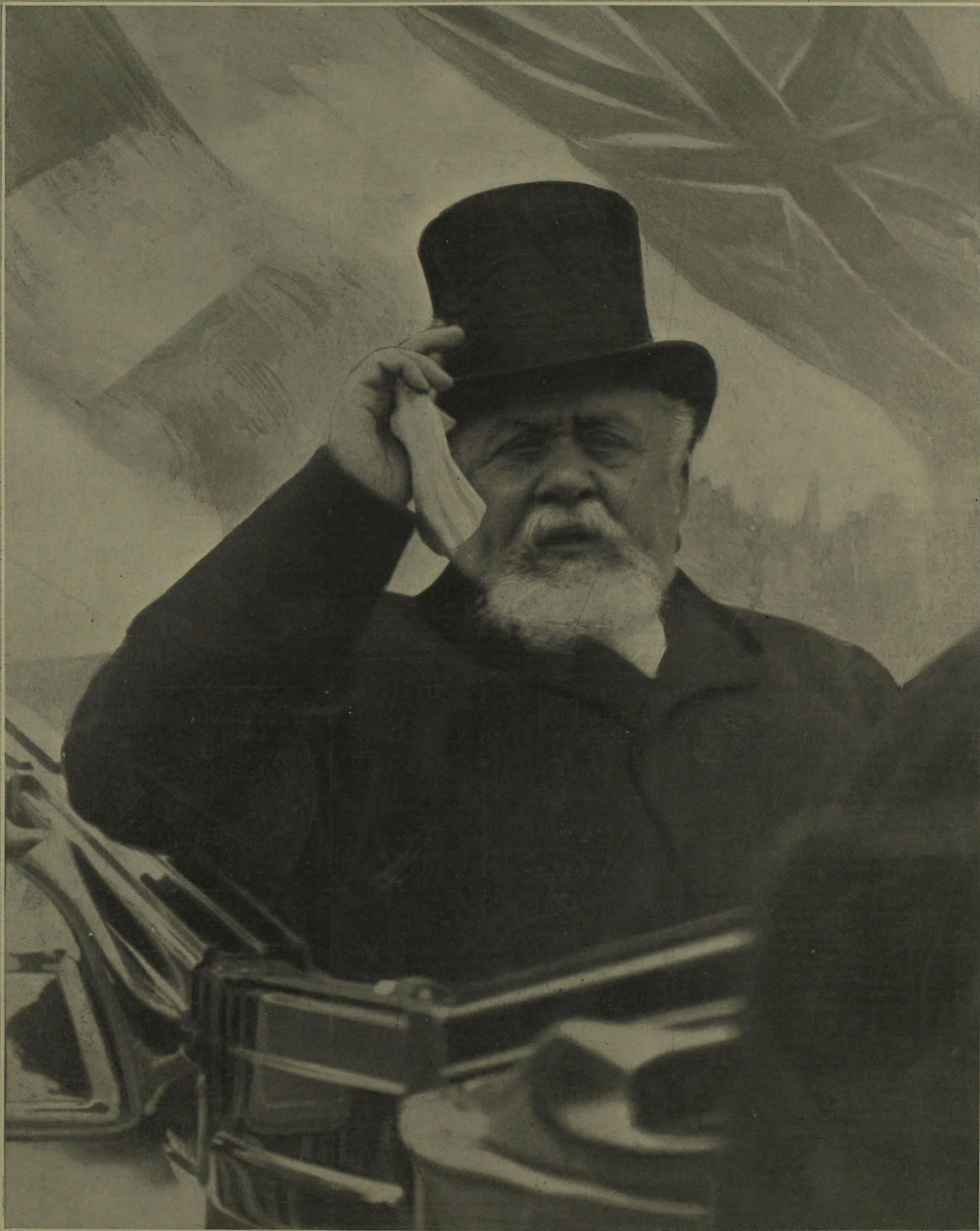
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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

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"SOYEZ LE BIENVENU": PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

The King's speech at the State Banquet when he welcomed President Fallières to England began: "M. le Président, soyez le bienvenu! La Reine et moi sommes enchantés d'avoir le plaisir de vous recevoir chez nous." This photograph was taken just after the President landed.

SOUTH EASTERN & CHATHAM RAILWAY

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BRUSSELS (via Calais or Boulogne)	8	39/-	25/6	—
(via Ostend)	8	38/-	26/7	17/4
AMSTERDAM (via Flushing)	8	37/1	25/6	—
THE HAGUE (via Flushing)	8	39/10	22/5	—
CALAIS	3	22/6	14/-	—
OSTEND	8	37/6	20/6	13/8
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RETURN FARES.			RETURN FARES.		
1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.	1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
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Particulars of the Continental Traffic Manager, Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

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No. XIV. of Mr. Street's "Talks with Tom Bingley" will be found on page 812.

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PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES' LONDON HOME: THE ARRIVAL AT ST. JAMES'S.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES RECEIVED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND THE LORD STEWARD IN AMBASSADORS' COURT, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

From Victoria Station the King and President Fallières drove through Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street to York House, where the President stayed during his visit. He was received in Ambassadors' Court by the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward. The King and the Prince of Wales took leave of President Fallières under the portico, and the guest was then conducted to his rooms. Twenty minutes later he drove to Buckingham Palace to pay a formal visit to his Majesty. Note the curious way in which the doors of royal carriages open: the handles and hinges are in the reverse of the usual position. This is a survival from the old state chariots, and the arrangement may have been made to enable footmen jumping on after the coach had started to close the doors easily, or that the doors might close automatically with the motion of the vehicle.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN a remarkable newspaper which instructs the Empire I read the following piece of information about Empire Day. It said that a certain man had sent a telegram to Mr. Asquith to tell him that the Liberal Mayor of some town had allowed flags to be flown on that day. The telegram concluded with the thoughtful words, "Thank God, some Liberals are Englishmen," and it was signed "A Briton." It was immediately followed in the newspaper by the information that a firm with several n's and z's in it were flying a flag in honour of the occasion. So that there really seems no reason why we should in any way limit our religious gratitude in this matter. We need not only thank God that some Liberals are Englishmen. We can also thank God that some Germans are Englishmen. There is something significant to me about the anonymous character of the signature "A Briton"; and I should not wonder if the hearty Teuton really sent the telegram. However this may be, I fancy that we shall find the name a sort of magic "open sesame" which will be of great use to us if we want to decide (and, after all, it is well worth while to decide) how far rational patriotic feeling does desire such an institution and how far it does not. Let us take it for granted, for the moment, that we are all in our five wits: that is to say, that we all love our country, and that we all feel that she can be endangered both by feeble submission and by futile swagger. Let us really ask what is the idea of Empire Day and what is the good of it.

Now one thing can be stated with absolute certainty. Any man who is surprised at an Englishman disliking Empire Day does not know what an Englishman is. If any gentleman on the *Daily Jingo* or elsewhere is sincerely astonished at the Prime Minister shrinking from the celebration, then that gentleman is either a foreign gentleman or one quite divorced from the actual tradition of England. His name is more likely to be Guggenheimer than Asquith. The typical English feeling, the psychological fact which foreigners feel about us, is our embarrassment, our shyness, in the presence of anything earnest and pompous. I do not say this is merely a merit; I do not think it is. I do not say that we should not be better for more flags and more formalities; I think we should. I have often defended ritual in these columns; but I do not expect all Englishmen suddenly to become Ritualists. It might do an Englishman good to learn ceremonial. It may do a boy good to learn algebra. But anyone who is astonished at boys avoiding algebra simply does not know anything about boys, and there is an end of him. Similarly, it might do an Englishman good to salute a flag. But if the *Daily Jingo* does not know that an Englishman feels a fool when he is saluting a flag, then the *Daily Jingo* does not know anything about England; and there is an end of the *Daily Jingo*. Before we talk at all about whether Empire Day is a good thing, we may register this truth: that anyone who takes for granted that it is a good thing *must* be un-English. This does not prove that it is a bad thing. There are many good things which I for one should like to see increased in England, but which have not been, for some time past at least, at all characteristic of it; Republicanism, for instance, and Catholicism, and the break-up of the Party system, and the habit of taking off one's hat in a shop where there are women. All these I should like to see instinctive in England; but I am not astonished when I find that they are not instinctive. I do not jump out of my boots because the policeman at the corner of the street is not a Republican. I do not challenge a man to a duel

because he has not taken off his hat in Marshall and Snelgrove's shop. I think myself that all good in nationality comes from the Catholic tradition of Europe, just as the essence of the Union Jack is a system of the crosses of Catholic saints. But I do not call every grocer who distrusts Catholic saints a traitor to the Union Jack. I know those saints are unfamiliar and embarrassing to an ordinary Englishman. I know also that suddenly saluting flags, and going into a sacred perspiration for an entirely new date called Empire Day, is unfamiliar and embarrassing to an ordinary Englishman. I know it because I am an ordinary Englishman myself. And if there is any man who does not know it, if there is any man who takes it for granted that Englishmen will fling themselves into half-baked frenzies for a half-baked festival, if there is

they are shuddering savages on the ultimate edge of the world. None of these explanations has at all hit the truth; though it is true, of course, that England has been modified by her land system and is therefore somewhat aristocratic; though it is true, of course, also that England has been modified by her insular position, and is therefore somewhat provincial. But the secret of the shyness is something shyer than that.

It arises ultimately from the profoundly poetical character of the English, that quality of mixed feelings and emotional hesitation which makes the cloudy pictures of Constable or the vague rhythms of Keats. Shakspeare is not so much the greatest of great poets as the most poetical of great poets; he depends less on a structure of hard thought than Dante or Goethe. It is the same with Turner; even if you think Turner was not a painter, you must admit he was a poet. This poetic heat and haze in the feelings produces the strong English shyness. It also produces the strong English sense of humour. And these two things together, the English shyness and the English humour, will always be hard nuts to crack for anyone who wants to establish, with entire solemnity, and on the spur of the moment, a thing like "Empire Day."

Surely the main deduction is obvious. We are dealing with a people at the bottom romantic; on the top, reluctant and humorous. If we really want to have a national celebration we should take great care to graft it on solid and genuine things already sacred to Englishmen. We have destroyed most of the healthy old English celebrations, with their greasy-poles and jacks-in-the-green. But there are still some English things left, such as the English celebration of Christmas and some of the legends of the sea-fights. If we started with something familiar and sensible, like plum-pudding or Nelson, it is possible that we might still pump into the new festival the blood of our fathers. Instead of that the men on the Yellow Press (men who come from anywhere and say anything) suddenly tell us that we are to observe a crude Canadian ceremony, a ceremony that has nothing English about it for the excellent reason that it was not started by the English. It is hard enough to get the English (in ceremonial things) to express their own emotions. It is quite hopeless to ask them to express other people's. Of course, schools will take up such things, as they will take up any fads, and children, if told to do so, will salute the Union Jack, as they would salute the Skull and Crossbones. But if the Yellow Journalist supposes that the English people care a farthing about such jerry-built jubilees, he can hardly have dis-

cussed them with a cabman or a railway porter. The two essentials of any celebration are the two ideas of authority and popularity. There is no authority for this project; it came from some Imperial newspaper. There is no popular basis for it in the nation; it came from Canada. It has in it no patriotic memory; for how can one remember what has never happened before? It has in it no public hope; for how can one look forward to a thing which will make no difference, even if it ever happens again? Yet I for one should be sincerely glad if we could have a national celebration, remembering our real achievements, and reminding us of our real work in the world. Only, for any such national celebration I should suggest two conditions: First, that our national celebration should be invented by our nation, and not by another nation. And secondly, that it should be forced by the people on the newspaper proprietors, and not by the newspaper proprietors on the people.



A RUSSIAN COMPOSER WHOSE MASTERPIECE HAS BEEN GIVEN IN RUSSIAN AT THE PARIS OPERA: MODESTE PETROVITCH MOUSSORGSKY.

Representations of Modeste Moussorgsky's masterpiece, "Boris Godounov," have just been given at the Paris Opera by a Russian company, which included the celebrated bass, Chaliapine, who played the title rôle. The chorus was drawn from the Moscow Opera. This portrait was painted by Répine in 1881, the year of the composer's death. The most remarkable passage of the opera is a scene of hallucination for Boris Godounov.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY RÉPINE.]

anyone who is sincerely surprised and angry at the instinct of Mr. Asquith, then he is either a quite extraordinary Englishman or an ordinary alien.

And now, having got rid of the patriots, we can get back to the Englishmen. Granted that the thing is an innovation and a surprise, is it a good innovation or a good surprise? For certainly the English, with all their merits, do need something to surprise them. That must depend firstly, I think, on how far the thing really appeals to all that is best in England. The root thing about our people (as compared with most of the peoples of Europe) is, as I have said, a certain mysterious quality for which the nearest word is embarrassment. It has been mistaken for pride, but it is not pride; it has been mistaken for vulgarity, but it is not that; it has been sometimes explained by saying that Englishmen are cold conquerors bestriding the earth, and sometimes by saying that

THE GREAT DAY OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE," MAY 26, 1908.
THE ROYAL AND PRESIDENTIAL VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION.



THE ROYAL AND PRESIDENTIAL OPENING OF THE PALACE OF FRENCH ARTS: THE CARRIAGE PROCESSION.

The opening of the Palace of French Arts was reserved for the day of the King's and President's visit. From this point the tour of the Exhibition was made in carriages.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALFTONES.

The King.

The President.

The Queen.

The Duke of Argyll.



THE PRESENTATION OF BOUQUETS IN THE IRISH VILLAGE.

The visit to the Irish Village in the Franco-British Exhibition was unfortunately shortened owing to the lateness of the hour, and the Irish dances were not given.

Bouquets, however, were presented by red-cloaked Irish girls.—[GRAPHIC PHOTO. UNION.]

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The Visit of
M. Fallières.

The week now drawing to an end will stand out as a memorable one in the history of Anglo-French relations. The good feeling between the two countries has received a measure of official recognition from its chiefs, and our capital, as becomes one of the greatest and wealthiest cities of the world, has gone out of its way to deck itself in its most splendid apparel, to devote a part of its vast resources, to emphasise in the most practical manner at its command the goodwill it bears towards President Fallières and the great nation it is his supreme honour to represent. So quickly do the hours pass by that it seems as though M. Fallières had scarcely arrived on our shores, and yet by the time this paper is in the hands of most of its readers he will be taking leave of the King and preparing to return to his own country. No time has been wasted; rulers are busy men and must see to it that their hours are well occupied.

On Monday afternoon the President arrived at Dover, where the Channel Fleet and the First Cruiser Squadron, numbering forty-one war-ships in all, were waiting to greet him. King Edward met his country's distinguished guest at Victoria, and a large gathering of the London public lined the route to St. James's Palace. In the evening there was a State Banquet, at which covers were laid for sixty or seventy guests, and King Edward and the President of the Republic proved, in speeches addressed in reality to the world at large, that Anglo-French friendship has deep roots.

On Tuesday M. Fallières received the members of the French colony at the French Embassy, visited the Franco-British Exhibition in company of King Edward, dined with the Prince and Princess

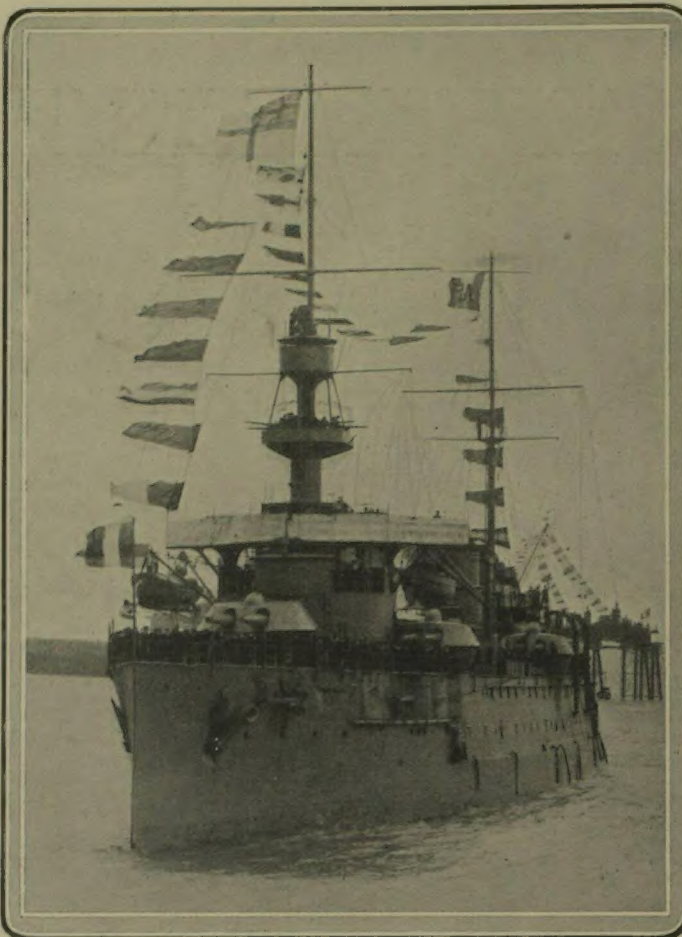


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
FLYING THE PRESIDENT'S FLAG: THE "LÉON GAMBETTA," WITH
PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES ON BOARD, ENTERING DOVER HARBOUR.

On his voyage to Dover on board the "Léon Gambetta," President Fallières hoisted his own flag, a tricolour, with his initials "A. F." (Armand Fallières) inscribed in the centre of the white.

gala performance at the Opera was designed to be a purely social function, and provide one of the rare occasions when the reticent, sober Anglo-Saxon enters into competition with his Latin neighbours, and shows that when he likes to challenge the rest of the world with a display of gorgeous colouring he can face the result of the challenge with confidence.

Thursday's arrangements included the inspection of the French Hospital and other French institutions in London, a private visit to Windsor Castle, and a dinner with M. Cambon, French Ambassador to London, to which the King and the Prince of Wales accepted invitations.

We have the will but not the space to dwell upon the political significance of the President's visit—not that we should care under any circumstances to dilate upon what might seem to be the business side of a visit founded upon friendship and goodwill; but we have the sanction of the King's own speech to feel that the friendship between England and France is, in a sense, the keystone of the European political situation and a lasting guarantee of European peace. It serves at once to check ambition and to dispel suspicion; it carries the civilised world some few

steps further on the hard road leading to freedom from the excessive burden of armaments and the unending preparation for war. It suggests, too, when we look back upon the comparative youthfulness of the Anglo-French friendship, that no differences between nations need be permanent, and that when the seed of complete understanding has been sown it needs but a little time to blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit.

The troubles of Mr. Robert
Parliament.

Harcourt have begun early in the House of Commons. His election for the Montrose Burghs was supposed to give encouragement to the Secretary for Scotland; but on the first day devoted to Scottish business, he deserted Mr. Sinclair and voted against the Government of which his brother is a distinguished member, and to another member of which he had been appointed private secretary. The Local Option (Scotland) Bill caused the breach. Mr. Sinclair, while expressing sympathy with this annual measure, proposed to refer it to the Committee of the whole House, which could not deal with it in the present Session, instead of allowing it to go to the Scottish Grand Committee. "You are killing the Bill," cried its friends. "It could not survive this Session in any event," pleaded Mr. Sinclair; but enthusiasts wanted to nurse it in their own Committee, and accordingly a small Scottish "revolt" enlivened the week-end. Perhaps Mr. Harcourt sorrowed more at being obliged to vote against his friends in the Government when he recalled the trouble that local option inflicted on his father. Members on both sides have been excited by the Prime Minister's new declaration on women's suffrage, and by his announcement of an



Photo. Walter Barnett.
M. LÉON GEOFFRAY,

French Minister at the Court of St. James's.

of Wales at Marlborough House, and then attended the State Ball at Buckingham Palace. Of the visit to the great Exhibition that is such a tangible expression of the unity of Anglo-British interests there is no need to write at length, for it has been chronicled in minutest detail in the daily Press. The State functions, too, are far better treated with the pencil than with the pen. Few royal palaces are more fitted than Buckingham Palace to be the scene of royal hospitality.

On Wednesday M. Fallières left St. James's Palace to travel through gaily decorated streets to the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor had issued invitations for a reception in his honour, and the City had prepared to prove for the hundredth time that it maintains its own highest traditions of hospitality. The fact that the President's visit has a political as well as a social side was best demonstrated by a dinner at the Foreign Office given in honour of M. Fallières on Wednesday evening; while, on the other hand, the

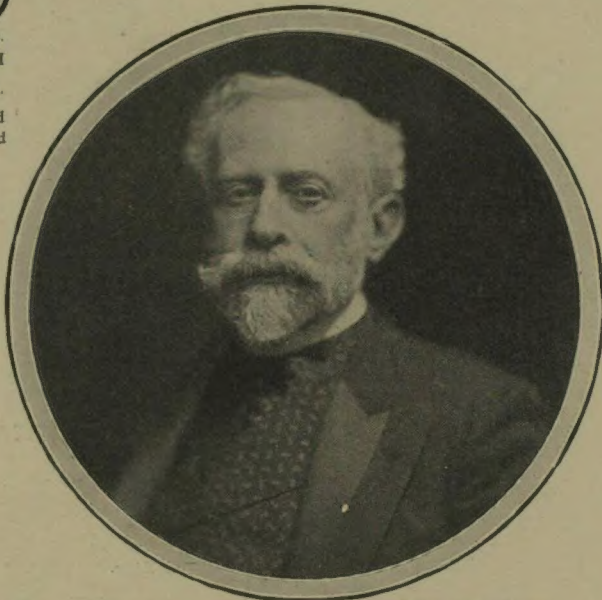


Photo. Walter Barnett.
M. PAUL CAMBON,

French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

electoral reform scheme in the present Parliament—an announcement which causes the dissolution to recede in the political prospect.

The Education Bill, after being read a second time, has been returned to the background to await the result of conferences, and the Licensing Bill is thrust aside by financial business. This has given the Tariff Reformers an opportunity to urge the necessity of new import duties; while Mr. Snowden has boldly advocated Socialism; and Mr. John Ellis, from his Liberal corner, has preached Retrenchment to a sympathetic Chancellor of the Exchequer, who responded by denouncing "the gigantic folly of the competition in armaments." Meantime, a group of Unionists continue to "heckle" Mr. Haldane with regard to his Territorial Army. Out of an hour allotted to questions on Monday, forty minutes were devoted to the Secretary for War, and apparently he did not think the time too long.



Photo. World's Graphic Press.
SYMBOLS OF THE FRENCH FISHERIES: THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED AT BOULOGNE IN HONOUR OF PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES.

The triumphal arch was erected by the municipality of Boulogne in honour of President Fallières in the market square "Frederic Sauvage," near the docks. It is built entirely of materials used in the fishing industry, the staple trade of Boulogne. The columns and arches are made of the barrels used to convey the fish, and the whole is festooned and decorated with fishing-nets and tackle.

CIVIC HONOURS FOR PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES AT THE GUILDHALL.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE GUILDHALL.



Lady Mayoress.

President.

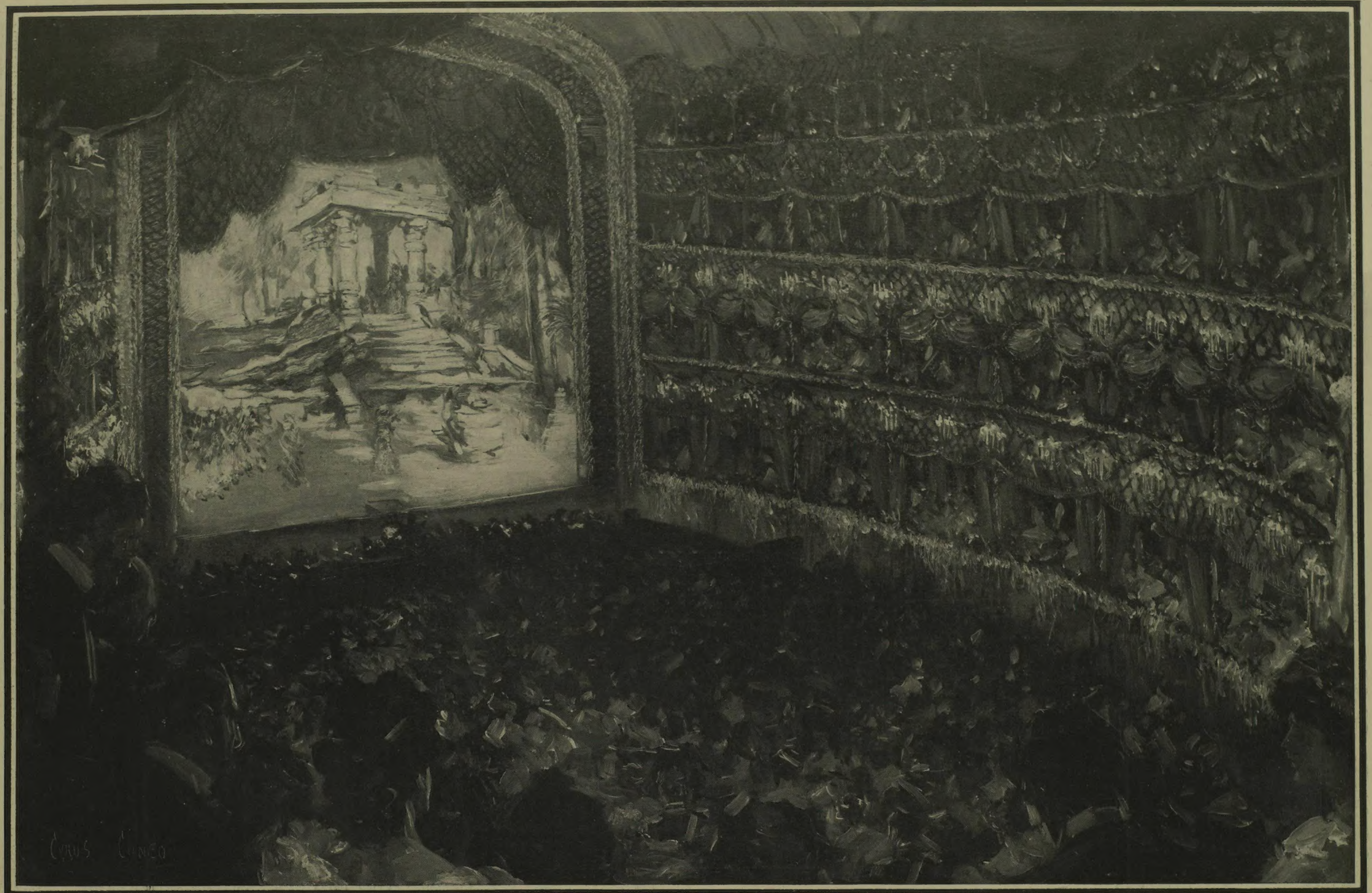
Lord Mayor.

THE NEWLY MADE FREEMAN OF LONDON: THE PRESIDENT IN THE PROCESSION FROM THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY TO THE BANQUETING-HALL AFTER THE CONFERMENT OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

At State Banquets the Lord Mayor receives his guests in the Guildhall Library, where the Court of Common Council is convened. Last Wednesday the Freedom of the City was conferred upon President Fallières with the usual forms; and thereafter the President, giving his arm to the Lady Mayoress, went in procession to the Guildhall, where the State banquet was held.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAW AT THE OPERA: THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" GALA PERFORMANCE.

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNÉO.



THE SCENE IN THE AUDITORIUM DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF BIZET'S "I PESCATORI DI PERLE," ACT I.

For the gala performance at the Opera in honour of President Fallières, the decorations were unusually magnificent, even for Covent Garden. Roses upon a light-green trellis extended all round the tiers; yellow and pink roses framed the prescenum opening, and above the arch was the Imperial Crown. Out of compliment to our visitor only the works by French composers were performed — the first act of Bizet's "I Pescatori di Perle," and the second act of "Faust." The royal box occupied the whole centre of the grand tier and extended as far back as the foyer. The scene is taken from the royal box.

OUR LONG-EXPECTED REPUBLICAN GUEST IN LONDON: THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ARRIVES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALFTONES.



M. FALLIÈRES AND THE KING LEAVING VICTORIA STATION, MAY 25.

M. Fallières, President of the French Republic, arrived at Dover on the afternoon of May 25, and was received by Prince Arthur of Connaught. The President proceeded at once to London, and at Victoria Station he was welcomed by the King. The heads of the two friendly nations greeted each other in the most cordial manner. The King drove with M. Fallières to St. James's Palace, part of which was placed at the President's disposal during his visit.

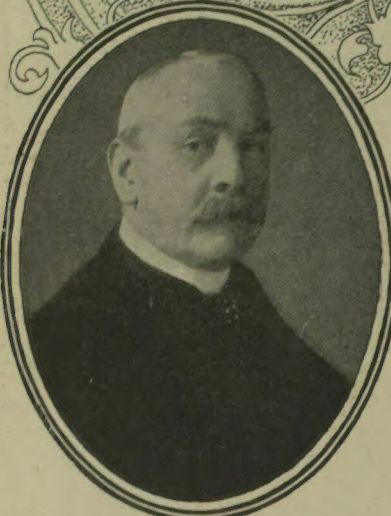


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. JOHN FULLEYLOVE,
Artist.

General of Customs in China, and then he had seen nearly nine years' service in that wonderful country. He has held countless offices in the Far East, his decorations are without number for multitude, he holds such titles as Junior Guardian of the Heir-Apparent of China, and enjoys ancestral rank of the First Class of the First Order for Three Generations, with Letters Patent—that is to say, his ancestors have been ennobled by a grateful Chinese Government. He is an author, too; witness his book, "These from the Land of Sinim." In brief, Sir Robert is one of the great personalities of our commercial and diplomatic service, and a man loved or feared by thousands, and respected by all who know him or have seen the work of his hands.

The death of M. François Coppée removes from the French Academy one of its most distinguished members, and a very outstanding figure passes from the literary world of Western Europe. He was a man who worked up from the ranks of the *petite bourgeoisie*, and he may be said to have entered literary circles by the aid of Catulle Mendès some five-and-forty years ago. His first success was made in 1869 with "Le Passant," a play in which Sarah Bernhardt drew enthusiastic crowds

SIR Robert Hart, Bart., M.A., LL.D., G.C.M.G., etc., who has just returned to his native land, is one of the most distinguished of the men who uphold the burden of our Empire in foreign lands. Some five-and-forty years have passed since Sir Robert, then on the sunny side of thirty, was appointed Inspector-

Photo. Russell.
THE LATE DR. W. W. JONES,
Archbishop of Cape Town.

PORTRAITS AND PERSONAL NOTES.

to the Odéon. From that time fortune showered favours upon him. M. Coppée avoided politics until the Dreyfus case, and then joined M. Jules Lemaitre and others who might have known better in founding the Ligue de la Patrie Française. He wrote no fewer than twelve plays for the Odéon and Comédie Française, and of these it will be remembered that "Pour la Couronne" was translated and given at the Lyceum. Poet, dramatist, and novelist, François Coppée was a marvel of versatility.

Rear-Admiral George le Clerc Egerton, C.B., who has been promoted to the South African command, has seen a great deal of service in the two-and-forty years

the walls of the club-house at St. Andrews.

M. Jacques Blumenthal, whose death is mourned by a considerable section of the musical world, was a composer and teacher who met with great success in youth and middle age, and kept a large circle of friends round him when he was only young in spirit.

A Hamburg man by birth, he came to London about 1848, and speedily made his mark as a teacher of music in the highest circles in the land. His compositions met with great success, although but little from his pen can hope to find a hearing to-day. Perhaps one of Mr. Blumenthal's chief claims upon remembrance was his extraordinary kindness to all who appealed to him for assistance.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE JACQUES BLUMENTHAL,
Composer.



Photo. Gerschel.
THE LATE FRANÇOIS COPPÉE,
French Poet.



Photo. Lafayette.
REAR-ADMIRAL EGERTON,
Appointed to Command the Cape Station.

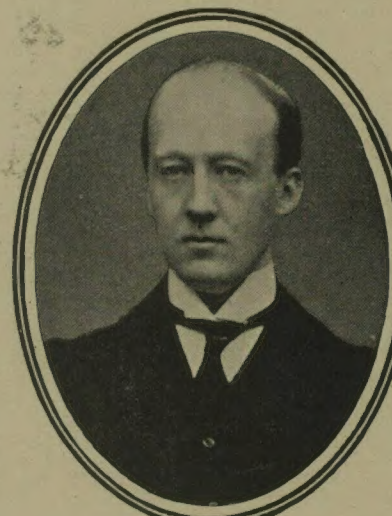


Photo. Halfstones.
MR. A. PONSONBY,
New M.P. for the Stirling Burghs.

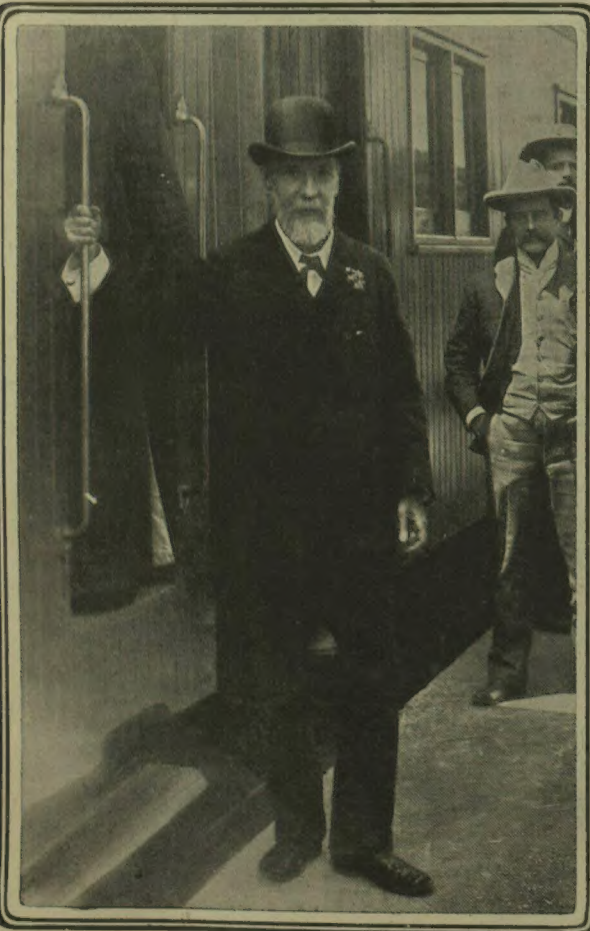
Mr. Arthur Augustus William Harry Ponsonby, of Shulbrede Priory, near Haslemere, the new Liberal Member for the Stirling Burghs, is the third son of the late General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, who was for many years private secretary to Queen Victoria. Born in 1871 and educated at Eton, Mr. Ponsonby was a Page-of-Honour to Queen Victoria for five years from the time when he was eleven. In 1894 he entered the Diplomatic Service, and received appointments at Constantinople and Copenhagen, and in Downing Street. In December 1905, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made him his private secretary, and he held that office until January in this year. At the General Election the new member for Stirling Burghs fought a losing contest at Taunton.

that have passed since he entered the Navy as a boy of fourteen. He served in the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6, receiving a medal in recognition of his services, and was with the Naval Brigade at Mombasa and at the bombardment of the Sultan of Zanzibar's palace. He also took part in the Benin Expedition. Admiral Egerton, who has been mentioned in dispatches on several occasions, comes of a family that has achieved distinction in the country's service.

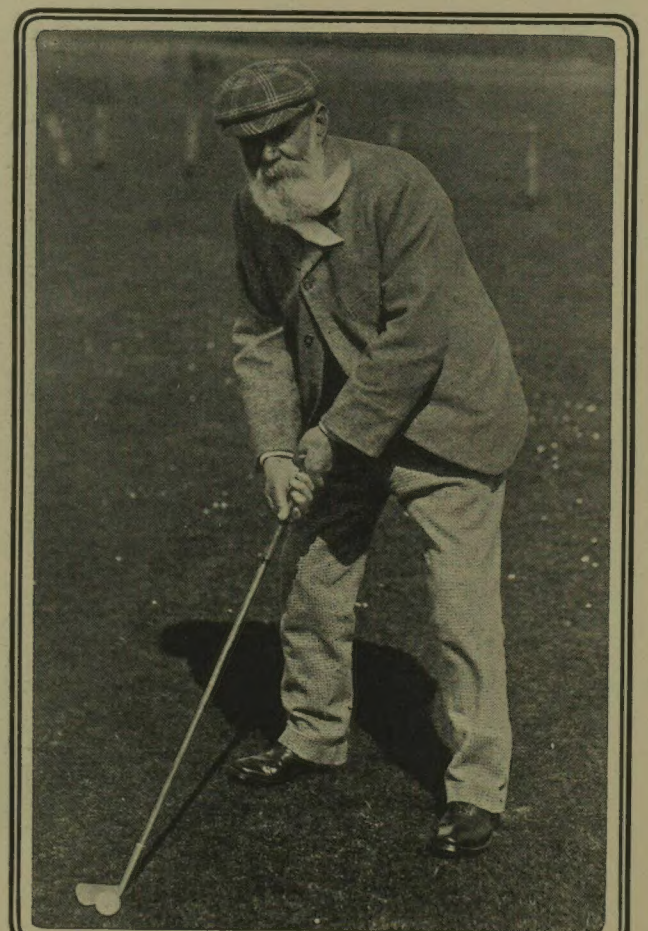
Mr. John Fulleylove, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, died last week in his sixty-third year. Born in Leicester, and articled to a firm of architects there, he gave up architecture for painting, and travelled in Southern Europe and the East. Mr. Fulleylove was seen at his best as a painter of gardens. He was a successful illustrator of colour-books.

The Most Rev. Dr. William West Jones, Archbishop of Cape Town, died last week in Cornwall while on a visit to this country in connection with the Pan-Anglican Congress. Ordained deacon in 1861, and priest a year later, he served in London and Oxford before he was consecrated Lord Bishop of Cape Town in 1874. Dr. Jones, who was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School and St. John's College, Oxford, became M.A. in 1863, and received the honorary degree of D.D. from his University on his appointment to Cape Town.

The late Tom Morris, who met his death from a fall in the New Club-house at St. Andrews, was almost as well known in Scotland as Lord Rosebery or Mr. Andrew Lang, and was on the road to his ninetieth year. With the exception of the time when he had charge of the Prestwick links in Ayrshire, Morris lived at St. Andrews, where he was known to all the world that follows the royal and ancient game as "Old Tom" or "Tam." He started work when a little boy as apprentice to a golf club and ball maker, and remained constant to the great game for the rest of his long and honourable career. In 1895 a committee was formed, on the initiative of Mr. A. J. Balfour, to purchase an annuity for Morris, and £1250 was raised. The old man's portrait, painted by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., hangs on



SIR ROBERT HART, DIRECTOR OF CHINESE CUSTOMS.



THE LATE TOM MORRIS, THE FAMOUS ST. ANDREWS GOLFER.

SCULPTURE AND EXHIBITION TROPHIES OF NATURAL PRODUCTS.



Photo. Deltus.

A FAMOUS CIRCUS-RIDER'S STATUE: THE AMAZON, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN PARIS.

The statue is the work of the sculptor James Pradier, who died in 1852. It represents Antoinette Lejar, a circus-rider, and Pradier gave the statue to the circus-proprietor in consideration for a free pass for life. It is to be set up in the Champs Elysées.



Photo. World's Graphic Press.

THE SUFFRAGETTES' PATRON SAINT: JOHN STEWART MILL'S STATUE DECORATED.

The statue in Temple Gardens was decorated by two Suffragettes in memory of John Stewart Mill's action in bringing in a Bill for women's suffrage. The County Council had the decorations removed, and allowed only one wreath to be placed at the base.



ONE RESTORATION OF THE ARMS.

AN AUSTRIAN SUGGESTION.

THE SUGGESTION OF THE WREATHS.

THE COLUMN AND THE APPLE.

THE DOVE AND THE APPLE.

A SUGGESTION FROM THE VICTORY OF BRESCIA.

AN OLD PROBLEM REOPENED.—A DISCOVERY IN GREECE RAISES ONCE MORE THE QUESTION OF THE ARMS OF THE VENUS OF MILO: SOME SOLUTIONS.

A statuette of Venus discovered in Monemvasia has served to raise again the vexed question of the position of the missing arms of Venus of Milo, for the conservator of the National Museum at Athens has said that the statuette may be a replica of the famous statue in the Louvre, which, as will be remembered, was discovered early in the nineteenth century on the island of Melos. The statuette shows one hand holding a mirror, while the other supports the robe. We illustrate several of the attempted solutions.



AN ARCH OF COMBED MERINO WOOL IN THE NEW SOUTH WALES COURT.

A SPLENDID SHOW OF WEST AUSTRALIAN APPLES.

THE ARCH OF NEW SOUTH WALES COAL IN THE COURT OF THAT COLONY.

NATURAL PRODUCTS AS TROPHIES EXHIBITED AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HALFTONES.

ART · MUSIC · and · the · DRAMA ·

ART NOTES.

THE New English Art Club does not, with her fortieth exhibition, acknowledge the passage of years. She made her little revolution twenty years ago, and she goes on making it, although it is now less necessary and far less interesting.

We are watching the little revolution within the Academy itself, where, apart from the members of the New English, who now exhibit there, many painters of modern tendency are given conspicuous places, and where you may find a whole New English of sorts perched along the skyline. And so we no longer go to Dering Yard for our artistic revolution. We go there to see the work of two or three men of exceptional and even overmastering talent who happen to exhibit there.

THE NEW ISOLDE AT COVENT GARDEN:
MISS EDYTH WALKER,
Who has made such a success as the great Wagnerian heroine.

We must go there to see Mr. Wilson Steer's landscapes; we must go there to see Mr. Augustus John's symbols; we must go there, this year, to see Mr. Henry Tonks' "The Temptation." Nothing else need compel you, for the water-colours that have lately been so remarkable a feature of the exhibitions would not exist but for one brilliant sheet, swamped in lucid light, from Mr. Sargent's brush. The best news of the week is that a collection of Mr. Sargent's water-colours is about to be shown at the Carfax Gallery.

Mr. Wilson Steer's "Outskirts of a Town" is triumphant painting. Whether or not the *bravura* of the technique is carried over far is one of those questions that will be easier settled when Mr. Steer's landscapes are seen down the perspective of time. It is quite possible that the qualities which appear somewhat overpowering to us will be much sobered by changed circumstance and a modified tradition. As it is, the tumult of pure white daylight on and among the foliage, illuminating and at once obliterating the distances, is splendidly rendered. Mr. Steer has Monet's sense of the colour of light, with Constable's power of expression; the pity is that these painters rob him of the glory of originality. In his second picture, "The Morning Room," Mr. Steer has carried his palette and his powers indoors. But the white light of day has followed him, and his picture shows that it matters not at all what a painter paints when he is dominated by one interest. The head of the girl who is the accessory of his light is brilliantly painted.



Photo. Russell.

MR. WILHELM GANZ,

Whose musical diamond jubilee was celebrated on May 26.

Mr. John, the greatest draughtsman of his time, has turned from the exquisite decision and cleanliness of line to the painting of symbols. The change has not been long a-coming, but it has been obvious. It is only a few years since Mr. John's drawings were admirable experiments in the concise and unemotional expression of the human form and feature: from the concise came quite naturally the reaction of freedom: the man who could draw perfectly according to law must also be greatly unlawful.

But all the while that Mr. John was wantonly transgressing the traditions of beauty and order, his concise drawing was developing and growing until it had gained a splendid freedom and even a deep human meaning of its own. In some sort Mr. John's triumphs became like to his transgressions, and so he made the mistake of amalgamating the two. Mr. John's painting has no separate history; his large pictures combine much of his power and much of his weakness. They are neither realities nor things fabulous; like the works of Puvis de Chavannes, they are simplifications of life, but, unlike Puvis de Chavannes's, they are simplifications made by a man from whose main mood

MUSIC.

The Opera. The return of Mme. Melba to Covent Garden was made the occasion by her many admirers for a remarkable demonstration of goodwill and regard.

"La Bohème" is an opera that suits the singer to a nicety, and if she does not make us realise the Mimi and Francine of Murger, she does ample justice to Puccini's attractive score. And on the night of her return, when she was supported by Zenatello, Gili- bert, Scotti, and other favourite artists, Mme. Melba was in her very best form; it may be doubted whether she has ever sung the music better. We cannot have too many great singers at Covent Garden, and the Australian prima-donna, who has enjoyed for twenty years a leading position in the world of music, is in no danger of forfeiting it whilst her voice retains its present beauty and she devotes her most serious interest to the part she is playing. Her appearance as La Tosca and Desdemona will be looked for with great interest.



Photo. Marceau.

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF MME. SARAH BERNHARDT,

Who appears at the Kennington Theatre on June 1.

The quality of the Wagner performances was hardly maintained in "Die Meistersinger," though Dr. Richter showed his complete mastery over the score, handling the concerted numbers with supreme skill, and giving to every singer a measure of assistance and direction that must be invaluable. But the cast, with the exception of Van Rooy, was hardly more than adequate. Mme. Osborne Hannah, whose advent was hailed with some enthusiasm in the Press, disappointed us. Her intonation was true enough, but her voice has no great musical quality; her acting is far removed from distinction, and she was not heard to advantage in the great quintette that should set a seal upon the achievements of a prima-donna. Herr Henke did not look the part of David, though he sang satisfactorily; but Herr Geis is a very good Beckmesser, and entered thoroughly into the spirit of a difficult rôle.

When Emma Destinn returns to town and sings the "Aida" music the lovers of opera muster with the full assurance of a delightful evening. One might recall that Verdi started the opera without much enthusiasm; it was a commission rather than an inspiration, but he warmed to his work, and "Aida" must remain one of his most popular works in the opera house that can afford to mount it. Destinn responds to every emotion of the music; she is one of the most accomplished operatic artists of the day.



SIGNOR ZENATELLO IN "AIDA," AT COVENT GARDEN.



Photos. Nishkin.

SIGNOR SAMMARCO AS RIGOLETTO AT COVENT GARDEN.

many unsimple and unlovely moods project themselves. Mr. John must regain the innocence of his eye before he can paint like a Primitive.

E. M.

house that can afford to mount it. Destinn responds to every emotion of the music; she is one of the most accomplished operatic artists of the day.

THE KING AND HIS LITTLE SOLDIERS OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.



A ROUND WITH THE GLOVES BEFORE THE KING: THE PART OF THE CEREMONY HIS MAJESTY MOST ENJOYED.

The Duke of York's Royal Military School at Chelsea will shortly be removed to Dover; and in view of the closing of the Chelsea establishment, founded by the Duke of York in 1801, the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the school on May 23. His Majesty reviewed the boys and the old boys, watched a sham fight, ambulance work, and a boxing match. The last state visit was paid in 1831 by King William IV.; and a veteran, Mr. Mackie, who was then in the school, was present last Saturday and received his Majesty's congratulations.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S: ANDREW LANG ON

THE young literary man in "The Vicar of Wakefield," looking round for a job, perceived that "many of the best things have not been said on the wrong side." He therefore made a book in support of the wrong side, full of novelties, and waited to see how the learned world would receive his paradoxes. But, as he ruefully said, "of my paradoxes the learned world took no notice at all."

With this young man I have always been in the keenest sympathy. When he modestly talks of "the wrong side" he doubtless means "the unpopular side," which is very often in the right.

The wrong side, in Goldsmith's time, was the side of Evolution, of Romance, of Socialism, of Jacobitism, of John Wesley, of supernatural occurrences, of "Science, and down with Greek and Latin!" of not hanging poor people for petty larcenies, of almost everything which we now respect and admire. It is a pity that the budget of paradoxes is lost, but it was certain that the learned world would take no notice of it whatever.

Moi qui parle, I have been a copious author of paradoxes, in the way of opposing current ideas about the Origin of Religion, the Non-existence of Ghosts, the Unity of Homer, and so forth.

A RISING NOVELIST: MISS MARJORIE BOWEN.
Author of "The Viper of Milan," and "The Sword Decides."

"THE GOOD THINGS IN SUPPORT OF THE WRONG SIDE."

of the Loire. The total outlay for material, artillery, and transport was—let the reader guess at a figure—£666 13s. 4d.! It is the Number of the Beast, 666, but certainly French theologians did not observe the circumstance. They made great play with Merlin's prophecies; but neglected those of St. John.

Field artillery, forty-six pieces, were provided. Each gun was a foot and a half in length; the material was brass, or bronze; they threw stones weighing two pounds; and I wonder how far they threw them.

Muskets, or *manuales*—"small hand cannons"—were purchased to the extent of sixteen. They threw leaden pellets, and the sixteen men who carried them answered to the Rifle Brigade. We know two great French musketeers of the period—Brother Noiroufle, a Franciscan, whose bag was about four hundred men; and Maitre Jean of Lorraine, who shot a British Peer and four other men at two shots. But England relied more on archery, and bought a hundred and twenty-eight chests full of bows and arrows. The guns of position and siege-guns were of from 24 to 16 inch guns; the balls were round stones. Your 24-inch Long Tom would lob a bullet across the Loire, where it is some 700 yards wide. But Long Toms



Photo. "Our Navy."

THE FORTRESS IN SAN DOMINGO IN WHICH COLUMBUS WAS IMPRISONED.

have been apt, I suppose, to look on the English attempts to incorporate France, and extend to our neighbours the benefits of our free institutions, as large efforts made on a Napoleonic scale. The



THE WOMAN WHO EXPLORED UNKNOWN LABRADOR:
MRS. LEONIDAS HUBBARD.

Whose book, "A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador," has just been published by Mr. John Murray. (DRAWING BY J. SYDDALL.)

I learn from a distinguished Austrian philologist and linguist, Père Schmidt, writing in *Anthropos*, that the learned world of the Continent took no notice of my paradoxes, though one pundit, Breysig, did remark that I am *un Écos-sais aussi capricieux que spirituel*. That is indeed a compliment which warms the heart!

Excuse these autobiographical details, which interest me enormously. I was discovered, like America, in 1902: my Columbus was "a renowned savant, M. von Schroeder," Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Vienna. He lectured on my paradoxes, and Père Schmidt, who was present, heard of them for the first time. He saw that Professor Breysig (who accused me of *eccentricités* and *bizarries*) was a deeply mistaken man, and now, in short, the paradoxes are the best things on the *right* side! This discovery is the most gratifying event of a long and paradoxical career.

Many of the best things in history seem to have been overlooked. For example, we



Photo. Topical.

ZOLA'S HALF-WAY HOUSE TO THE PANTHEON;
THE NOVELIST'S GRAVE IN MONTMARTRE.

enterprise was undeniably "a large order." But England executed, or tried to execute the order, on the lines of "the lowest tender accepted." There lies before me the little bill of the Earl of Salisbury, when in the spring of 1428 England set herself the task of conquering and absorbing all France south



JOAN OF ARC'S BIOGRAPHER: PORTRAIT OF M. ANATOLE FRANCE
IN THE PARIS SALON.

FROM THE PAINTING BY WOOD.

did little execution. A ball fell in the middle of a dinner-table at which a party of eight people of Orleans were dining. Nobody was one penny the worse, and the citizens attributed the miracle to St. Aignan. Really, there was no miracle. Falling on wood, the ball merely sunk through the table. The only chance for a ball was to light on a hard pavement, in the middle of a crowd, when it split, and the pieces flew about, like the fragments of a shell. In a long day's cannonading one woman was killed.

One 16-inch gun, of iron, weighed 5350 lb., and cost £50 4s. Of stone balls only 1214 were provided; of gunpowder only 180 lb., with 200 balls for field artillery.

Three hundred and thirty-five large shields for use in storming breaches were procured, with twenty-eight scaling-ladders; but the English never got near enough to the walls of Orleans to use them. The whole heavy plant was left behind when the English raised the siege of Orleans.



Photo. "Our Navy."

A RELIC OF COLUMBUS AND SAN DOMINGO: THE TREE TO WHICH THE EXPLORER
TIED HIS BOAT.

SPAIN'S BABY HEIR AS SOLDIER, AND A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.



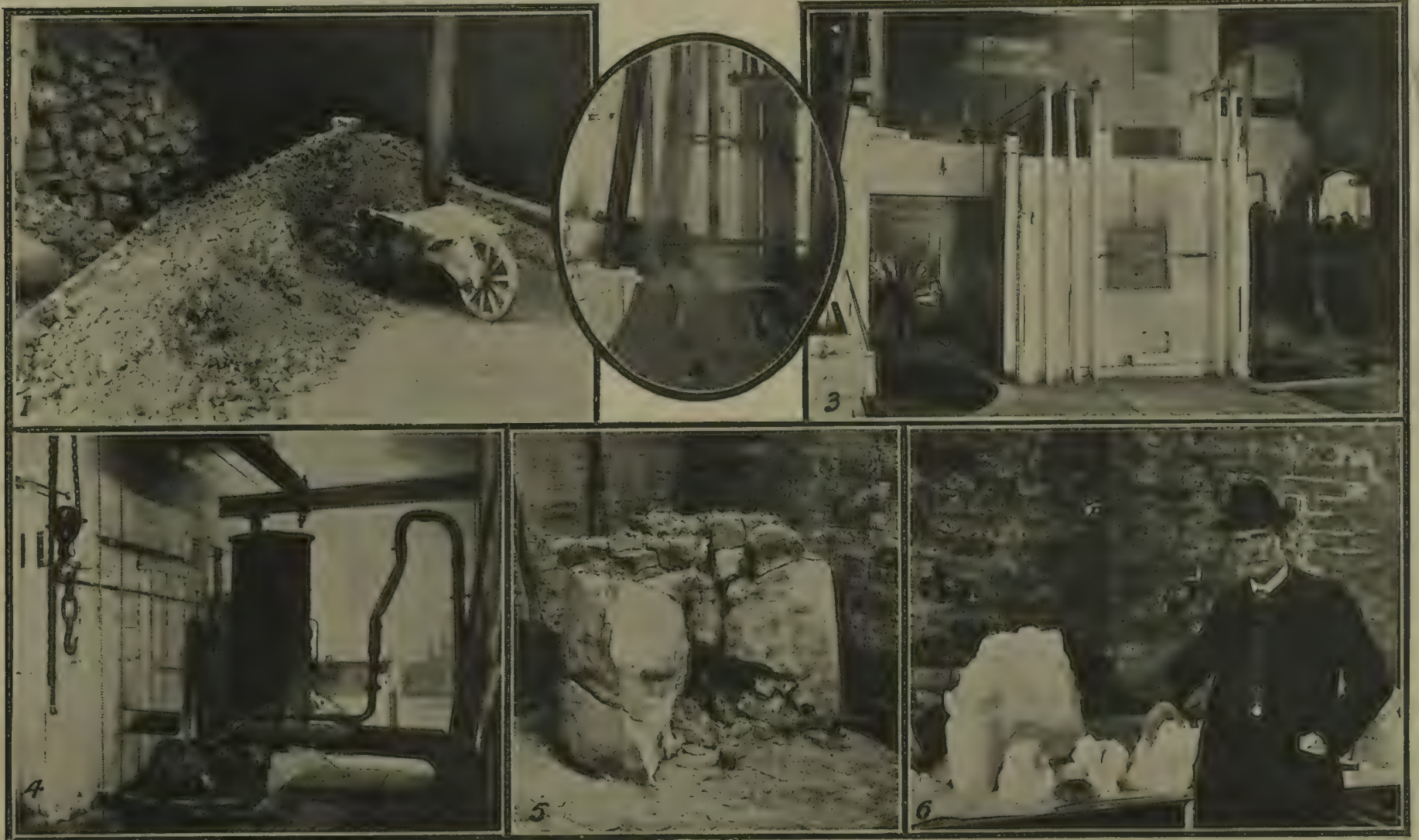
1. THE PRINCE'S KIT AND BED
IN BARRACKS.

2. KING ALFONSO AND HIS YOUNGEST PRIVATE,
ALSO THE PRINCE'S ENROLMENT CERTIFICATE.

3. THE PRINCE'S REGIMENTAL MUG,
PLATE, AND SPOON.

A ONE-YEAR-OLD SOLDIER: SPAIN'S BABY HEIR ENROLLED IN THE KING'S INFANTRY REGIMENT.

King Alfonso has lost no time in training his son in the way he should go. Clearly the sword is not to be turned into a pruning-hook in the 'pleasant land of Spain, although the appearance of the royal baby bearing part of the burden of war in the form of a uniform made for him by his mother may rouse the enthusiasm of the populace. The Prince was duly enrolled on his first birthday in the King's Infantry Regiment.



1. ROUGH ROCK SALT BEFORE THE OPERATION
BEGINS.

2. MOLTEN ROCK SALT DRAWN OFF INTO CONVERTERS,
OR MOULDS.

3. THE OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE IN WHICH THE
ROCK SALT IS MELTED.

4. FORCING COMPRESSED AIR INTO THE MOULDS.

5. SALT AFTER PURIFICATION, READY TO BE GROUND.

6. A FINISHED SPECIMEN OF TEE'S PURIFIED SALT.

A TON OF ROCK SALT PREPARED FOR THE TABLE IN FIVE MINUTES; WONDERS OF THE TEE PROCESS.

Down to the present it has not been found possible to deal on a commercial basis with any invention for purifying rock salt direct. It has been necessary hitherto in preparing white salt from it to depend upon the evaporation of brine, a method followed by the Romans. Mr. Tee has now discovered a means of direct treatment, which will reduce cost to a minimum and the time required to a fraction of what it was. The process consists of melting rock salt, and then driving compressed air through the molten mass. Impurities are separated and deposited, and the superincumbent salt is left white and pure. The purified salt is found to be exceptionally fine, and, being anhydrous, does not cake after the fashion of brine salt.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.]



THE King's decision to visit the Tsar affords yet another welcome instance of that personal courage of which he has always notably been the possessor. In spite of the risk that attends all meetings of monarchs, the forthcoming meeting at Reval has no more hearty approval than the Queen's. If the idea did not actually originate with her Majesty, it is, at any rate, a direct outcome of the recent visit paid to England by her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia.

Though Lord Armstrong is to live abroad, he will not wholly sever his connection with the North of England. He will now have to adopt retrenchment as his programme, which in private life, whatever may be the case in politics, is the reverse of being "liberal." But though he retains some of his directorships on or near the Tyne, his connection with Elswick Works, for ever associated with his family name, practically ceases. The good-nature which made it difficult for Lord Armstrong to say "No" when the inventor with a new idea, the man with a scheme, came along, has very far from forfeited for Lord Armstrong the goodwill of his fellow-Northumbrians, even of those among their number who always said that good-luck never goes with money made out of guns.

The death of the widow of Francis W. Newman has led journalists here and there to label him the "brother of the famous Cardinal." But Francis Newman has his own immortality. He was one of the two brothers of whom it has been said that Fate dealt with them as it dealt with the two friends in Richter's story—it seized their bleeding hearts and flung them violently apart. Everybody knows everything about them. But there was a third Newman brother—a ne'er-do-well. It will be some consolation, perhaps, to somebody to reflect that even a Cardinal and an Emeritus Professor may have a brother who fails as a school-master and writes home that he wishes to cease to be so much as considered a Newman. As a matter of

fact, both his brothers were particularly considerate to Charles Robert Newman the Failure, and just as Francis the Deist visited John Henry the Roman

at the Embassy there. If Lord Cromer could boast that he made Cairo a safe and pleasant winter resort for his countrymen and countrywomen, Sir Gerard will certainly make Constantinople into a true and glorified Lowther Arcadia for the same. When the new Ambassador quizzingly informs any such visitors that his life has been Blighted, let them remember that he married a Washington beauty, Miss Blight. Indeed, the presence of this charming American hostess at the British Embassy promises to make the city of the Sultan what it certainly ought to be—a more popular place of call for the globe-trotters of both sides of the Atlantic.

Besides being a great man, Sir Gerard Lowther is, like most of us, a great nephew. Indeed, he must be a sort of great-great-great-nephew of the Lord Lonsdale who befriended Wordsworth, and of whom Samuel Rogers exclaims in his "Table-Talk," with the true gusto of a millionaire talking about smallish sums of money—"What a noble man was Lord Lonsdale, who has given me, in this room, hundreds of pounds for distressed authors!" And the mention of Rogers reminds me that among literary men who were his contemporaries, and at a time when travel was as difficult and costly as it is now easy and cheap, could be found a larger number of visitors to Constantinople than the same class yields to-day. Nay, possibly there would be no Turk in Europe now, and therefore no Turkish Embassy for Sir Gerard Lowther, had not Disraeli the younger, in the 'thirties of the "last century," formed, by personal observation, that favourable opinion of the Turk which he afterwards grafted upon English politics. The description he gives of Constantinople at first sight is contained in one of those "Home Letters" to his sister that come mysteriously into the sale-room at regular intervals; and it will not be beaten by any forthcoming visitor to the British Embassy, however fresh an eye and fine a pen he may bring to the city of minarets and bazaars.



MARGUERITE, LADY TENNANT (MRS. GEOFFREY LUBBOCK), AND HER CHILDREN.

From the Painting by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

Catholic at the Oratory in Birmingham, so did John Henry, even then red-stockinged, go to Tenby to visit Charles Robert, the rather pugnacious non-Christian, before he died.

The Suffragette will say there is but one possible comment on Queen Victoria's indignant—she herself calls it furious—condemnation of "Woman's Rights," inevitably quoted by reviewers of her Majesty's letters to Sir Theodore Martin; and this is that the opinion expressed would be appropriate only

SOCIETY IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY: CHARMING PORTRAITS FROM THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION.

on the part of a lady living in a country where the Salic law prevailed, and herself approving it. Perhaps it is less than kind of Sir Theodore to quote under such different social conditions a letter written so long ago, and certainly not intended for publication, or the Queen's English would have been much improved. Public feeling may then have been fairly expressed by the remark that Lady Harberton ought to be whipped. But who would dream of saying such a thing to-day of that same lady, or of Lady Carlisle or Lady Grove?

Sir Gerard and Lady Lowther's advent to Constantinople will be particularly welcome to all travelling Englishmen, who, under Sir Nicholas and Lady O'Connor's rule, took their pleasures rather sadly



MRS. ALFRED MOND AND HER CHILDREN.

From the Painting by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.



LADY EVELYN GUINNESS.

From the Painting by H. G. Rinder.

KING AND PRESIDENT AT THE EXHIBITION OF THEIR UNITED COUNTRIES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.



Mr. Kiraly.

King. Queen. M. Fallières. Prince.

THE KING AND PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES WITH THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO INSPECT THE FRENCH PALACE AT THE EXHIBITION.

During the visit of the King and President to the Franco-British Exhibition on May 26 the royal party first inspected the Palace of French Industry. The distinguished visitors walked from the Court of Honour, where the reception was held, to the French Section. The King and President walked side by side in animated conversation, and the rulers of the heads of the two friendly States formed the living embodiment of the "Entente Cordiale."

GOLF, G.B.S. AS A BEADLE, AND SOME FAMOUS HORSES.



A RUNNER-UP: MISS LEITCH DRIVING.



THE RUNNER-UP: MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL.



THE WINNER: MISS TITTERTON PUTTING.

THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT ST. ANDREWS: THE WINNER, THE RUNNER-UP, AND A DISTINGUISHED NEW PLAYER.

On May 22 the Ladies' Golf Championship was decided at St. Andrews. The winner was Miss Maud Titterton, of the Royal Musselburgh Club. Of her Bob Ferguson, the Musselburgh veteran, says: "She winna dae what I tell her; she has a style o' her ain." Miss Titterton won by a single hole, beating Miss Dorothy Campbell, who has twice had the Scottish Ladies' Championship. Miss Leitch, who is only seventeen, was in the semi-final.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL ILLUSTRATIONS.]

St. John Hotchkiss (Mr. Robert Lorraine), Mrs. Bridgenorth (Miss Mary Rorke), Mr. Reginald Bridgenorth (Mr. William Farren jun.), Lesbia Grantham (Miss Beryl Faber), The Rev. O. C. Soames (Mr. James Hearn), The Bishop of Chelsea (Mr. Henry Ainley), The Beadle (Mr. G. B. Shaw), Alderman William Collins (Mr. Holman Clarke), Cecil Sykes (Mr. Berte Thomas).



Mr. Reginald Bridgenorth (Miss Marie Löhr), Edith Bridgenorth (Miss Auriol Lee), Mrs. George Collins (Miss Fanny Brough).

MR. BERNARD SHAW AS THE BEADLE: THE DRAMATIST UNDERSTUDIES A PART FOR A REHEARSAL PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS NEW PLAY, "GETTING MARRIED." When the Haymarket Company was to be photographed at rehearsal, Mr. Alfred Sims, who plays the Beadle, was absent, and his place was taken by Mr. George Bernard Shaw himself. When Mr. Shaw was a borough councillor in St. Pancras he used to ridicule himself in his robes, and it was probably in the same spirit that he played his own Beadle.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY.]



1. MARMION CLEARING A CARRIAGE. 2. ST. OLAF JUMPING A DINNER-TABLE. 3. A ROMAN CHARIOT AND FOUR DRIVEN BY MR. WINANS. 4. MR. FOSTER'S MINIATURE COACH AND PONY TEAM.

PREPARING FOR OLYMPIA HORSE SHOW: MR. WALTER WINANS' FAMOUS HORSES REHEARSING.

Mr. Walter Winans exhibited some of his horses at his Kentish seat, Surrenden Park, on Saturday last, when he told his guests that he hoped to show them something new in the shape of a cross between a hackney and a trotter. The weather did something to spoil Mr. Winans' interesting exhibition, and some of the speed tests had to be cut out of the programme.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUGH.

ANARCHY IN INDIA: A NEST OF REVOLUTION IN CALCUTTA.



1. THE REVOLUTIONARY HEADQUARTERS AT MANICKTOLLAH, A SUBURB OF CALCUTTA.

Here in the early hours of Saturday, May 2, the police captured seventeen men asleep, and seized cartloads of arms, explosives, and Anarchist material. The tank was believed to contain firearms.

3. THE HOUSE AT MANICKTOLLAH WHERE TWELVE MEN WERE ARRESTED, AND BOMBS, FIREARMS, AND AMMUNITION WERE SEIZED.

2. THE ANARCHISTS' WORKSHOP IN THE GROUNDS AT MANICKTOLLAH.

The usual implements were hidden in iron tanks underground, and were discovered by the police.

4. THE ANARCHISTS' REVOLVER TARGET: A TREE IN THE GARDEN AT MANICKTOLLAH USED FOR SHOOTING PRACTICE BY THE CONSPIRATORS.

The extent of the Anarchist propaganda in India must have astonished and shocked the great majority of Englishmen, who hoped and believed that Young India was becoming worthy of confidence. In Manicktollah, a suburb of Calcutta, the police found ample evidence to the contrary in the shape of bombs and Anarchist literature.

THE KING AND PRESIDENT AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION: A VISIT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL COURT.



PRESIDENT. KING. MR. CARRUTHERS.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE: THE KING AND PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES INSPECTING THE ARCH
OF COMBED MERINO WOOL.

In the Australian Court the King and President Fallières were very much interested in the wonderful trophy of combed merino wool which has been erected by New South Wales. The exhibit was shown to his Majesty and the President by Mr. J. H. Carruthers, Executive Commissioner for New South Wales and a former Prime Minister of the colony.—[DRAWN BY S. BEGG.]

MANY THEMES FROM THE CURRENT NEWS - RECORD.



Photo, W. F. Turner.

CHELSEA THE LUCKLESS OVER THE WATER: THE BURNING OF CHELSEA, BOSTON, U.S.A.

The fire began in a rag-picker's bonfire, and in twelve hours had ruined the district and rendered thousands of people homeless. Twenty people were burned to death.



IFFLEY MILL AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE.



IFFLEY MILL AFTER THE FIRE.

Photos, Bolak.

A FAMOUS OXFORD LANDMARK DESTROYED BY FIRE: THE BURNING OF IFFLEY MILL.

Old Iffley Mill, so well beloved of Oxford men from time "whereof the memory of man runs not to the contrary," was burnt down on Wednesday night. It will be remembered that Mr. Ruskin was among those who were loud in its praise, and as it lies only two miles from the town the village of Iffley has always been a most popular resort of Oxford men and artists from all over England.



THE ANTWERP DISASTER: DÉBRIS OF CARRIAGES AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

On May 21 a morning train from Antwerp to Brussels dashed into a passenger train at Contich—

THE
COM-
MUNIST
DEMON-
STRATION
IN
PARIS:



THE ANTWERP DISASTER: CARRIAGES TORN FROM THEIR WHEELS AND OVERTURNED.

—Forty people were killed and one hundred and fifty injured, some half of them seriously.



Photo, Trampies.

THE FIRST WAR-SHIP TO SAIL UP THE TIBER TO ROME.

A shallow-draught gun-boat, the "Grenatiere," has sailed up the Tiber as far as Rome, where it was visited by the King and Queen. The photograph shows the hoisting of the Italian flag.



TOMB OF
POTTIER
AUTHOR
OF
"L'IN-
TER-
NATION-
ALE."



Photo, Rol.

INAUGURATING A TABLET TO THOSE WHO DIED IN THE COMMUNE.

A great Communist demonstration has been held in Père la Chaise, where the chief ceremony was the unveiling of a tablet in memory of those who died in the Commune.

MILLIONAIRE COACHMEN AND THEIR TEAMS ON THE ROAD:

MR. MARTINEZ DE HOZ AND HIS TEAM AT SURBITON.

MR. VANDERBILT AND MR. MARTINEZ DE HOZ.

MR. MARTINEZ DE HOZ ON THE GUILDFORD ROAD.



MR. VANDERBILT'S PRIVILEGE: DRIVING THROUGH THE PRIVATE ROAD AT COMBE WARREN.

Mr. Martinez de Hoz, the millionaire, drives his coach to Guildford and back every day, taking passengers in the same way as Mr. Vanderbilt for the Brighton route. The photograph of Mr. Vanderbilt and his team was taken on the private road at Combe Warren. This road is closed to public traffic on the City and Suburban, Oaks, and Derby days, but Mr. Vanderbilt has the privilege of driving through on the Oaks and Derby days.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN CIRCLES BY BASSANO. LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.

KAISER FRANZ JOSEF'S LITTLE FRIENDS REPRODUCE OLD VIENNA FOR THE ROYAL JUBILEE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHUMANN.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MAY 30, 1908. 798

A PRETTY CEREMONY: LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRLS IN OLD VIENNESE COSTUME SALUTING THE AGED EMPEROR AT SCHÖNBRUNN.

The festivities in connection with the Jubilee of Franz Josef's reign have been celebrated with great heartiness, and we read that the aged Emperor has been deeply moved by the demonstrations of loyalty and affection from the youngest of his subjects—the school-children. In connection with some of the ceremonies the school-girls wore old Viennese dress, and those who saw the costume are regretting that times have changed and that our twentieth century has changed that costume for something far less becoming.

DERBY DAY, JUNE 3, 1908: THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISH RACECOURSE.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW BY MELTON PRIOR.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MAY 30, 1908.—799

ON EPSOM DOWNS: THE COURSE OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH HORSE-RACE.

The Epsom Racecourse, given here in the form of a bird's-eye view, will perhaps seem a little unfamiliar in certain aspects to thousands who know it only from one or two points. Those who know the course best will be most impressed by a sketch that presents all the features of interest in their proper proportion. Racing at Epsom is said to date from the reign of James I., and has been an annual event since 1730. The Oaks dates back to 1709; and the Derby to 1780. From the Grand Stand, built at a cost of £20,000 nearly eighty years ago, one can see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

SCIENCE



Sir Isaac Newton 1642-1727

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ABOUT MIMICRY.

WHEN the attention of evolutionists began to be directed to the investigation of the variations presented by animal and plant life, they found it necessary also to consider cases in which a literally marvellous resemblance between essentially different species of living beings was exemplified. The cases in question were not to be explained—at least, not commonly—by a reference to some remote blood-relationship between the similar forms. Animals and plants separated by oceans, and with no possible explanation founded on their common origin to be formulated, were found to show remarkable resemblances to each other. On the other hand, separate groups of organisms inhabiting adjacent or nearly situated areas were sometimes found to exhibit a likeness that would deceive all save expert naturalists into regarding them as belonging to the same species. These facts are summed up in the term “mimicry”—the presentation of the art of the actor in the animal and plant worlds.

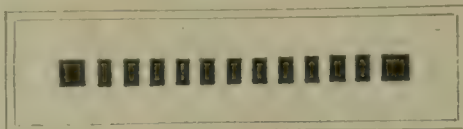
The records of natural history contain numerous examples of mimicry of all degrees. One of the best illustrations, as it was also one of the earliest, is that of a certain family of South American butterflies possessing a highly nauseous odour, protecting them from the attacks of birds, being mimicked closely in appearance by butterflies of a different family possessing no odour at all. Concerning the origin of such close resemblance between different forms, it might be legitimate to suppose that, arising from one stock originally, variation developed the difference in respect of odour, while preserving the likeness in colour. Not so very long ago in these pages was illustrated a case of double mimicry, by ants which in the first place used leaves as means of concealment, and were in turn mimicked by others which had developed leaf-like structures. Possibly, if the widest possible view of such an interesting phase of animal life is taken, we might find in the old idea of adaptation to the environment an explanation of the origin of many cases of mimetic resemblance.

The colour of the grouse and the partridge is evidently designed to meet the exigencies of their lives

A FAVOURITE INDIAN SPORT: A DUEL BETWEEN A SNAKE AND A MONGOOSE.

Graphic Photo, Union.

through the ready concealment from enemies which is afforded by their harmonising with their environment. The woodcock's plumage offers another illustration of a similar cir-



NEED THE CANALS OF MARS BE CONTINUOUS LINES. A PROOF THAT THEY NEED NOT: A SERIES OF DOTS GIVING A CONTINUOUS LINE AT A DISTANCE OF THIRTY FEET.

cumstance. Flounders and other flat fish which lie on the sand, cannot be readily distinguished because the colour of the upper sides of their bodies closely approximates to



A LUNAR PARALLEL TO THE CANALS OF MARS: THE ARIADAEUS RILL, A STRAIGHT VOLCANIC CRACK, ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY MILES LONG, UPON THE MOON.

that of their resting-place. Anyone who has looked for an octopus clinging to the rocky structures in an aquarium-tank must have experienced some difficulty in at first locating the cuttle-fish. Its hue can be made to alter so that its concealment is complete. A double purpose is served in this way—namely, escape from enemies is favoured, while the power of readily seizing unsuspecting prey is augmented.

The more curious and complex habit of either developing bodily structures meant to imitate surroundings, or the actual attachment to the body of such substances as seaweed, raises ideas concerning the acquirement and origin of defensive stratagems. A hermit-crab attaches to

NATURAL HISTORY



Reaumur

1683-1757

its shell a sea-anemone, and thus wards off the undesirable attentions of fishes. Another species clothes itself in a sponge, which grows over the shell, and gives to the crab in retreat the appearance of the sponge above. Other crabs roll amongst seaweed, detach the weeds, and, thus clothing their bodies, resemble weed-clad stones when they are in repose, escaping many risks of death.

Nature acts here on the principle that “every little helps,” and each generation which appears adds something to the evolution of the protective habit, and so causes the process of stereotyping it in the history of the race to proceed apace. These, however, are examples of habits in the way of mimicry destined to protect a species, and to encourage its growth and numerical increase. More

difficult, unless we again adopt the theory of similar environments developing similarity of form—that adjustment to the surroundings which, in other words, nature finds to be best for the differing races—is it to account for cases in which organisms widely separated in a geographical sense mimic or resemble closely each other, their respective ranks in the scale of organisation being often of very different grade.

ANDREW WILSON.



THE APPEARANCE OF THE OPPOSITE DIAGRAM WHEN VIEWED AT A DISTANCE OF THIRTY FEET: SUPPORT FOR THE SUGGESTION THAT THE REGULARITY OF THE MARTIAN CANALS MAY BE AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE CANALS OF MARS: SOME TERRESTRIAL AND PHYSICAL PARALLELS.

PROFESSOR LOWELL'S theory that the canals of Mars, as we see them, are not the actual water canals, but the broad bands of vegetation on the margins, may be illustrated from terrestrial phenomena. A curious instance is found in the Cabeco Gordo, a hill in the Azores. Upon it grow narrow strips of a bush known as the Urze, and at a little distance these are not at all unlike the canals of Mars. Against Professor Lowell's theory that the vegetation is fed by the canal is the suggestion that it may be watered by the moisture evaporating from volcanic cracks, and of this an illustration may be found in Hawaii. Other diagrams support the theory that the canals need not be artificial, but that their regular lines may be an optical illusion.



A TERRESTRIAL PARALLEL TO THE CANALS OF MARS: LINES OF VEGETATION ON A HILL IN THE AZORES.



ANOTHER TERRESTRIAL PARALLEL TO THE CANALS OF MARS: A LINE OF VEGETATION PRODUCED BY AN ACTIVE STEAM-CRACK IN HAWAII.

AN OFFICER'S SCRAP-BOOK: ACTUALITIES OF THE MOH

FROM SKETCHES AND A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILITARY CORRESPONDENTS.



THE CAMP AT JANGLI BURJ AND THE SCENE OF THE ACTION OF APRIL 25.

The action was fought under General Anderson. The Mohmands held the low hills on the edge of the plain, and lost heavily. The British had sixty casualties.



HAFIS KORONA: THE SCENE OF APRIL 25.

The reconnaissance was made in force from Hafis Korona. The view is taken looking up the Gandao street.



THE GUNDAB VALLEY NEAR SHABKADR ON THE MOHMAND BORDER: THE SCENE OF THE ACTION OF APRIL 25.

The sketch, which is taken from Shabkadr Fort, gives all the principal positions.



GENERAL ANDERSON'S FORCE COVERING THE TRACK TO BUKHARA.

In the middle distance is the green-topped hill which was carried by the 6th Royal Warwickshire Regiment and half a

